

ANOTHER OPEN LETTER TO MRS. SUSA YOUNG GATES

My Dear Sister Susa:—Again I am compelled to feel that you will not doubt share with me the thought that I should apologize for the seeming familiarity with which this letter begins. But my only apology for addressing a second communication to you is that my superabundant egoism—call it "gull," if you will—whispers to me that I am the "any other man" to whom you threw down the gauntlet of public discussion in your criticism of Elder R. H. Roberts's letter to Professor Richard R. Lyman.

Sister Susa, from very likely, your own experience, you will agree with me that women, and even men, are most courageous when the enemy is in full retreat. Your failure to reply to my open letter of the 15th leads me to believe that you are in full retreat from the position you took in reply to the letter of Elder Roberts. And I beg of you not to dispel the pleasant illusion by even the faintest hint that I am not the "any other man" whom you challenged to public combat on the proposition that Prophet-Seer-and-Revelator Reed Smoot should succeed himself as United States Senator.

A wise woman, or even a wise man, will save some ammunition for a second attack. And from the admirable courage you exhibited in challenging Elder Roberts and myself (as the "any other man"), to open combat on the question at issue, it was inferred that you had several shots reserved for Elder Roberts and myself. But your silence would seem to indicate that your entire stock of explosives was ignited in your first brilliant assault upon us. Elder Roberts retreated to Canada, presumably to catch his breath; but, Sister Susa, I am still in the ring, and will endeavor to hold the fort until my co-defendant returns and places himself once more under the protection of the "Good old U. S. A." And in the meantime I feel that it is my bounden duty to keep blazing away even when there is nothing of importance to shoot at.

But, Sister Susa, there is something in your first letter to which no reply has been made. It is generally known, and is a fact, that the test (of Apostle Smoot's fitness) practically narrowed down to the question of an "oath of vengeance."

Pardon me for disputing your assertion, which, in a domestic way, would be final. Neither "practically" nor "theoretically," did the test "narrow down to an oath of vengeance." The "test narrowed down" to political expediency. The Republican party needed Utah's electoral votes for coming election, and was one of those "trends of affairs in the Nation within the past two years" to which our revered chief prophet and pledge-breaker so feelingly referred in the Improvement Era a year ago last October, and in payment of which he will again deliver the goods. You know, as well as I know, Sister Susa, that ours is not an ungrateful people, and that "Wherefore, by their fruits ye shall know them."

You know, or it seems to me you ought to know, that our beloved apostle was anchored on the side-splitting pretext that since infancy his sore throat voice has rung out in clarion tones in denunciation of latter-day polygamy, and in defense of the "purity of American homes." And, incidentally, for a "higher Mormonism." And how did that kind of a defense strike you, Sister Susa? Personally, as I remember how I dodged the United States marshals during two long and strenuous years in order to prevent those wicked and detested minions of the law from lifting me up to a "higher Mormonism," that defense of our beloved apostle's senatorial record off my religious perch, and, Sister Susa, didn't it jar your own domestic nerves when you saw that Reed Smoot didn't turn a hair, nor even wince, when Senator

Hopkins uttered that atrocious libel on our dear senator from Provo. Sister Susa, lend me your ear—a little closer, please, while I whisper the great and glorious truth that Reed Smoot dare not get "out of harmony" with his brethren of the twelve, and especially with President Smith, by lifting even one word against the practice of plural marriage.

It is reported, Sister Susa, that you were recently appointed to the exalted office of alternate delegate from Utah to the National Republican convention to be held soon in Chicago. Good. It is devoutly hoped that the masculine nonentity who stands between you and the front row will contract the measles or some other appropriate complaint that will compel him to remain at home, and permit you to get into the limelight down in Chicago. It would not only add brains to the Utah delegation, but would shed lustre on the convention. It would also enable you to move the adoption of the following plank that has been more or less conspicuous (in spirit, at least) in every Utah Republican platform since the date of its organization in 1891. And if you tell those grave and reverend senators who voted to anchor Reed Smoot because the "Mormons are the freest people on earth," politically, that the proffered plank is the next to the last paragraph in your seething rebuke to Elder Roberts, it will be adopted unanimously. And to make its adoption doubly certain, arrange with Elders Smoot, Sutherland and Howell to second your motion to adopt. It might also be a ten-stroke to induce those gentlemen to make speeches in explanation of the fact that it has the inspired endorsement of the greatest Republican in Utah—Joseph F. Smith. And as the proposed plank was written by you as a political defense of a prophet, seer and revelator to a seat in the Senate, Apostle Smoot could make a few touching remarks explanatory of how a Democratic apostle—Moses Thatcher—was compelled by the greatest Republican in Utah to "go away back and sit down" because he objected to the spirit of your plank as the controlling force in Utah politics.

The time, place and personnel of the gathering will be singularly fitting for the introduction of your plank, which, at last, follows:

But there is a church doctrinal side to this which cannot be overlooked. Is the body of the church going to divide on the head thereof? Is the command as to what the first presidency and apostles, in the officers in the church, shall do, to come from the church members as a measure of expediency in their finite judgment, instead of coming from the revelation of God through the head of the church? Has Elder Roberts thrown away the doctrine of divine revelation for the guidance of the church, and substituted therefore the voice of man? There can be no mistake as to the utter absence of the inspiration in the suggestion from the point of established and accepted church doctrine, which it clearly antagonizes.

Do it, sister Susa, do it, and as an advance act of gratitude I will aid you in jolting Elder Roberts in the only vulnerable part of his letter to Professor Lyman, and which you seemingly overlooked.

Elder Roberts wrote:

"2. His (Smoot's) election will mean a renewal of the contest at Washington, for it is not to be supposed that the millions of sectarian bigots who petitioned the Senate and opposed his occupancy of the seat in that august body will accept defeat of their plans without further effort."

Sister Susa, it is whispered on the street that the term "sectarian bigots," just quoted from Elder Roberts's letter, was the only sentiment that our beloved President Smith exempted from his verdict that Elder Roberts "didn't bore all the earmarks of the hallucinations of too much, or too little, of the good spirit. Therefore, it grieves me

to condemn that sentence as being unworthy of Elder Roberts.

Elder Roberts's opposition to Reed Smoot's returning himself to the Senate is because he is an apostle of the Lord Jesus, and one of his viceregerents, and not because Reed is a member of the Mormon church. Those "millions of sectarian bigots" oppose Apostle Smoot's retention in the Senate on precisely the same ground. For that reason those "sectarian bigots" and some of us who are onto the priestly game of political control in Utah, are justified in the assertion that when, in 1890, Elder Roberts surrendered his God-given political rights to an alien political priesthood, he became a slave. And that his occasional oral protests against that slavery are but the pitiful outcries of a giant seeking to escape from the ever-tightening folds of the ecclesiastical python that holds Utah within its deadly and repulsive political coils. (Elder Roberts, here's a helping hand.)

Sister Susa, while there is no thought of challenging a lady, and especially one so gifted as your charming self, to public discussion (written not oral of course) all the questions that separate the American party from Prophet-Seer-and-Revelator Joseph F. Smith et al., you may at all times regard me as that "any other man."

Affectionately your brother,
J. E. GIBBS.

Salt Lake City, May 27.

AMUSEMENTS

IN SALT LAKE THEATERS.
SALT LAKE THEATRE—William Collier, in "Caught in the Rain." Evening, 8:15.
GRAND THEATRE—"Chinatown Charlie," by Burgess Company. Evening, 8:30.
ORPHEUM THEATRE—Advanced vaudeville. Matinee, 2:15. Evening, 8:15.

Society turned out Thursday night. The Salt Lake Theatre was filled. There was a magnet there that drew players to the famous old playhouse. And when this big audience were caught by this magnet they were unable to let go and they just laughed and laughed until their sides ached, for the cleverest farce comedy seen in many a day was represented by William Collier and a most splendid company.

As said, the big audience laughed; it could not have helped laughing. If it would, and it would not if it could, for the humor was so delicious. It was a savory morsel, and the flavor will linger for a long while.

In this sparkling comedy, "Caught in the Rain," the scene is laid in the West, in the capital city of a nearby State, and there is that happy flavor of the West, the kind that not only the West but likewise the East likes. And it glitters and sparkles and effervesces from the beginning to the end.

William Collier is always funny, but never so much as in "Caught in the Rain." He captured the amusement-loving public in "The Man from Mexico," and "On the Quiet." In "Caught in the Rain" he not only captured, but he captivated, and all his pretenses are loath to be freed.

The humor is dry, but it is delicious. The play is determined to amuse, and they have succeeded admirably. And the lines are so good, so clean cut, and every member of the company in the dialogue is given an opportunity to say droll things. As an illustration of the humor, will Dick Crawford (Mr. Collier) shine, is where he says: "Pardon me, but out of respect both to yourself and your daughter I must refuse to marry Muriel (Miss Mortimer). I do not love the lady—I do not like her walk. I will not do it."

Then when he meets Mrs. Merriden (Helena Collier-Garrick) and is advised by the jolly widow to marry and give up his life saying "What is life compared to a home? I leave it to you."

"You leave it to me, do you? Then I'll make it clubs."

Then again, in reply to the suggestion "When a man's in the line he needs a wife to comfort him," Dick answers: "What? Take a wife when I'm in trouble? Would you wake a man out of a sound sleep to give him medicine for insomnia?"

And then, in his strike at the farmer, when he says: "I should hate to be a farmer. They're the most unhappy people in the world. They never yet had a bit of the right kind of success."

But you should see the play. It can not be described, for it is brim full of fun from start to finish. And each and every one of the company is not only clever, but more than clever. Praise of one means praise for all. There is a real rainbow in the first act. Real water falls, and it has to be mopped up after the curtain drops. It is realistic—for it is real.

"Caught in the Rain" goes tonight, tomorrow night and Saturday matinee.

The work at the Grand is rapidly drawing to a close, and playgoers have but three more opportunities to see the Burgess company's presentation of "Chinatown Charlie." The regular Saturday matinee will be given tomorrow afternoon. Next week the company will be seen in another of Al Woods's splendid productions—"Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model."

There are but four more performances by the people who present the bill at the Orpheum this week. "The Impulse of the Moment" is the headliner. The bill runs up to and including Saturday night, with matinee daily.

The greatest of all moving picture machines, the cinematograph, is now in Salt Lake. An exhibition was given Thursday afternoon to the newspaper men of Salt Lake City at the Lyric theatre. That it is a marvel, that it is astonishing, goes without saying.

In the pictures, in addition to motion, you hear the figures speak, hear them sing. It is the latest, the most modern; it gives exact similitude to life.

Salt Lake City is one of half a dozen cities in the United States that has the machine. The inventor already has applications for ten sets of the pictures, to be shown in 1500 playhouses.

When you see the cinematograph once you will want to see it again, for you have never seen anything like it before. There is no mystery about it. The pictures are there. They have motion and are in motion. They sing. You see their lips move. The music comes from their lips apparently. In other words, you see the play; you see the characters in motion; you hear their voices. But it is simply pictures.

Had the author of the Arabian Nights seen the cinematograph, the Arabian Nights would never have been written, for this moving, talking, picture machine is as much of a marvel, as much a mystery, as would be the genie, if they were upon the stage today.

And yet there is no mystery about it. To get a record to get to get to a song, the singers first sing into a graphophone; then they sing on the stage while the pictures are taken, under the intense electric light. The play, the opera, the song, is then ready for the stage. Back of the curtain two men in black are placed against the shell. While one is exhausting himself another is put on. The machine operates the machine so that it runs with the song and picture. This is where the expert comes in and the Lyric has some of the most expert operators obtainable.

The cinematograph will be open to the public at a matinee Saturday.

Battleship Aground.
ST. PETERSBURG, May 28.—The Russian battleship Peter the Great struck the rocks last night in the Gulf of Finland, at a point near Revel. Her bow was pierced. She is still fast aground. If the water comes in, it is believed that she can be saved.

There's this difference between the Ground Chocolate habit and the coffee habit: Ground Chocolate makes you healthier, stronger, steadier, better able to do your share. Does coffee?

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Is made with scrupulous, conscientious care and old-fashioned attention to cleanliness, purity, goodness and quality. No Ground Chocolate at any price can be better or more delicious. Your grocer sells and recommends it.

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Decoration Day, May 30th

Train Service Unexcelled

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ALL TRAINS ELECTRIC-LIGHTED

THE CONEY ISLAND OF THE WEST!

DANCING (HELD'S BAND),
BATHING,
BOATING,
SKATING,

ROLLER COASTER,
OLD MILL,
TOURING CAR,
ELECTRIC THEATER,

MERRY GO ROUND,
CIRCLING WAVE,
AUTOMAT,
PHOTO GALLERY,

SHOOTING GALLERY, BOWLING,

Strobel's Airship, winner of the international race at St. Louis, 1907, will make flight daily at Saltair, commencing Sunday, May 31. The largest bird that flies, the wonder of the age! The first and only airship ever exhibited in the State of Utah. The greatest free attraction ever brought to the West.

SALTAIR for recreation and pleasure;
Beautiful SALTAIR, more beautiful than ever.

12th Annual Opening

BEAUTIFUL LAGOON

EXCURSION TRAINS FROM BOTH SALT LAKE AND OGDEN, FOR FIRST TIME, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1908.

DECORATION DAY

Road Race Observation Train Leaves Salt Lake, 10:30 a. m.

BASEBALL at 3:30. WOODMEN OF THE WORLD vs. BOUNTIFUL.

Splendid New Features, including:

Japanese Tea Garden; perfect in arrangements.
Dipper Coaster.
Shoot the Chutes.
Dancing, with Willard Youngdale's Lagoon Orchestra.

Fresh Water Bathing in New Pool.
Japanese Ping-Pong.
Fishing Pond.
Trout Dinners at Restaurant.

TRAINS: Leaving Salt Lake—5:50, 8:30 and 11 a. m., and 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 p. m.

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SALT LAKE THEATRE
Tonight, Friday, 8:15.
Saturday Matinee, 2:15.
CHARLES FROMMAN
Presents
WILLIAM COLLIER
In the Funniest Farce in Years
CAUGHT IN THE RAIN
A Cloudburst of Laughter.
Prices, 25c to \$2.00; matinee, 15c to \$1.50. Sale today.

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ADVANCED VAUDEVILLE
ALL WEEK
ZENO, JORDAN & ZENO.
Bert Levy.
Cunningham, Raymond & Co.
Devlin & Ellwood. John & Max Parks.
Cogan & Bancroft. Kinostone.
Every Evening (except Sunday), 8:15.
Matinee, 2:15. Box seats, \$1.00.
Matinee daily (except Sunday and Monday), 2:15. 50c, 25c, 15c, 10c, 5c.

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NEW LYRIC
JOHN E. CLARK, Manager

BEGINNING
SATURDAY, MAY 30th
At 2:30 p. m.

The Captivating

CAMERA- PHONE

6—Big Vaudeville Acts—
Reproducing life in song and picture, exactly as portrayed by the world's greatest artists.

Admission: Matinees, 10c
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Horse Races the Feature for Decoration Day.

New and novel amusement
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Splendid car service—double
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Opposite Knutsford Hotel

See the great laughing
comedy

"PECK'S BAD BOY"

One week commencing
Saturday, May 23.

LAGOON ROAD.

Salt Lake & Ogden Railway Co. Table in effect May 30, 1908.

Trains leave
Salt Lake:
8:50 a. m. ...
9:30 a. m. ...
11:00 a. m. ...
2:00 p. m. ...
4:00 p. m. ...
7:00 p. m. ...
8:00 p. m. ...
Sundays at 9:30 p. m.
Sundays and holidays, specials for Ogden at 3 and 5 p. m.
SIMON BANBERGER,
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GRAND THEATRE

TONIGHT—MATINEE SATURDAY

THE EARL BURGESS COMPANY

Presenting the Melodramatic Sensation

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Popular Prices

Next Week—"Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model."

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Graphophones, Records and Supplies

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Only Exclusive Talking Machine Store in State.

Puzzle Sums

HERE WE SEE HOW TO SPELL SEATTLE.

SEAT + CATTLE = SEATTLE
SEAT + CAT = SEATTLE

WHAT AMERICAN CITY DOES THIS SUM PRODUCE?

SEAT + CATTLE = SEATTLE
SEAT + CAT = SEATTLE

Pictorial Sums.

Here we see how addition and subtraction may be applied to the alphabet. It is a simple but interesting sort of puzzle to work out, after one has grasped the idea.

The upper sum clearly illustrates the method, and shows how the answer is produced.

What is the answer to the lower sum?

Answer to Farmer's puzzle in Sunday's Tribune: The son's letter from the Agricultural college reads as follows: "Dear Pop—The season is backward for potatoes—Sam."

S.S.S. RIDES THE SYSTEM OF CATARRH

Even in its early stages Catarrh is a most distressing ailment, caused by the stuffy feeling in the head, ringing noises in the ears, watery eyes, difficult breathing, continual "hawking and spitting," etc., but when the blood becomes thoroughly saturated with the impurities which produce the disease it becomes a serious and often dangerous disorder. Then the bronchial tubes are attacked, the bladder and kidneys diseased, and often the lungs become affected by the constant passage of impure blood through them and Catarrh terminates in Consumption. The impurities and poisons in the blood which produce Catarrh can never be removed through the use of sprays, inhalations, washes, etc. Such treatment cannot reach the real cause, and their use alone should never be depended on to cure the disease. S. S. S. cures Catarrh by cleansing the blood of all impure catarrhal matter. It goes down and attacks the disease at its head, in the circulation, and removes every trace of the impurity that is causing the trouble. Then as rich, purified blood is carried to all parts of the system the symptoms gradually leave, the health is improved, and S. S. S. makes a permanent cure of the trouble. Special book on Catarrh and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.